

BLACK FRIDAY



MOVIE
MONSTERS

BLACK FRIDAY

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PROLOGUE

A long time ago, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a famous story called *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. In the story, the kindly Dr. Jekyll turned into the evil Mr. Hyde when he drank a secret liquid. Stevenson wanted us to see that Mr. Hyde was really a hidden part of Dr. Jekyll.

Do people really have a dark, hidden side that we don't usually see? The newspapers often report stories of quiet, harmless people who suddenly do terrible things. Like Mr. Hyde, that hidden side emerges and hurts the people who love them.

Moviemakers have always liked the Jekyll and Hyde story. But people don't want to see the same movie over and over, so some writers came up with a new idea. They created a mad surgeon named Ernest Sover. Dr. Sover replaced part of a friend's brain with the brain of a criminal. Would gentle Dr. Kingsley become a new Mr. Hyde? Remember, anything can happen in the movies.

It all started on Friday the 13th. That was an unlucky day for a lot of people --

1. AN UNLUCKY FRIDAY THE 13TH

Dr. Ernest Sover waited for the guard to open the door to his cell. He knew it was Friday the 13th. He also knew it was the day he was going to die.



Dr. Sover waits for his execution.



Dr. Szeve is taken to the Death Room

At last the steel door opened. The tall, gray-haired Szeve followed the guards down a long hallway. He held a notebook tightly in his hand. A priest walked with him.



A guard opened the door of the death room. A group of newspaper reporters were waiting. Dr. Szeve turned toward the reporters. He looked carefully at each one.



The Doctor hands his notes to Riley, a young reporter.

Finally, Dr. Seward handed his notebook to a young reporter. "I want you to have my notes," he said.

The reporter looked surprised. "Why, thanks, Doctor," he said. "My name's Riley . . ." But Dr. Seward had already turned away. The guards led him to the electric chair.

Riley looked at the notebook. A piece of paper was taped to the front. Riley read Dr. Seward's words.

Tell the world: I haven't murdered anyone. Some people have died, it is true. But death is a part of research. Give my story to the world. Otherwise, these people died for nothing.

— Ernest Seward, M.D.

Riley felt excited. Here was the inside story of this strange case! He opened the notebook. The title read, "Notes on the Case of George Kingsley." The page was dated a year earlier, on another Friday the 13th.

* * * *

Professor George Kingsley was talking to his English class at Newcastle College. Kingsley reminded the students that it was Friday the 13th. His kind face was smiling as he recited some poems about unlucky Fridays.

The bell rang to end the class. Professor Kingsley told the students that he was leaving to take another job. The students looked sad. They liked this gentle teacher.

"Maybe the new school won't like me," he teased. "I may be back next year after all. Then you'll really be sad!" The students laughed. Many stopped to shake hands as they left.

Jean Sorensen was waiting for the Professor. "Dad is waiting to take you to the station," she said.

Kingsley stopped to look at the college buildings. "I'll miss all of this," he said. "But most of all, I'll miss your father. He is a great doctor! What a waste that a great brain surgeon should be stuck in this tiny town."

Jean only nodded. Her father had told her never to talk about the past. That was good enough for her. She led Professor Kingsley to the car. Dr. Sorensen and Mrs. Kingsley were waiting.

After the men shook hands, Kingsley snapped his fingers. "Can you go by the cleaners?" he asked. "My blue suit's ready. I want to look my best for my new job."

Dr. Sorensen drove to the cleaners. Kingsley got out



Professor Kingsley is about to cross the street to the cleaners.

and ran across the street. Just then, two cars came racing around the corner. A black sedan was chasing a red sports car. A gunman leaned out of the sedan and fired a machine gun at the sports car. The little car skidded out of control as the sedan roared away.

The sports car spun around and jumped over the curb. The car hit Professor Kingsley and threw him high in the air. His head crunched against the building.

Sorensen grabbed his doctor's bag and ran toward his friend. Kingsley was lying very still. There was blood on his head and face.

2. ONE LIFE IS SAVED

The big black sedan roared away from the accident. The four men inside were pleased with themselves.

"I thought Red Cannon was a better driver than that," Frank Miller laughed. "Poor Red ran right off the road."

"That's the last time Red will run away with our money," Bill Kane said. Kane held the machine gun.

"Yeah, but where is the money?" Louis Devore asked. The three men looked at Eric Marney. Marney was their leader.

"We'll get the dough back," Marney said quietly. "I know how to find it." His voice rose. "Now, let's get back to the city!"

Not far away, an ambulance carried Professor Kingsley and Red Cannon to the hospital. Cannon was the driver of the red sports car. Dr. Sovac rode with the two injured men. He looked at Cannon's cruel face. "Who tried to shoot you?" he asked.

Cannon opened his eyes. "A bunch of rats shot me!" he snarled. "Stop this bus! I want to go kill those dirty rats."

The ambulance siren screamed above them. "Turn

that thing off!" Cannon shouted. "I can't stand it. It's driving me crazy!"

Dr. Sovac calmed him down with a cigarette. Cannon took a few puffs. Then he broke the cigarette in two.

At the hospital, Dr. Sovac learned the bad news. Doctor Warner told him that Professor Kingsley was going to die. His brain was badly damaged.

Dr. Sovac made a quick decision. "I can replace the injured part of Kingsley's brain with part of Red Cannon's brain," he told Warner. "I've done it with animals. It's his only chance."

Dr. Warner refused. "You can't kill one man to save another," he argued. "The whole idea is crazy!"

"Cannon is a criminal," Sovac argued. "His life isn't worth anything. Come on, you must help me. I am not allowed to do this surgery in your country. In Europe, no one would question me."

But Dr. Warner would not give in. He dressed and left the hospital. Dr. Sovac watched him leave. The brain surgeon's dark eyes shone with an intense, mad light.

Dr. Sovac went to work as soon as the door closed. First, he gave Cannon a shot to put him to sleep. Then he moved Cannon and Kingsley into an operating room and locked the door. When all was ready, he picked up a sharp knife and went to work.

Six hours later, he was finished. Professor Kingsley was resting quietly, but Red Cannon was dead.



Dr. Soveac finished with the operation



The operation is a success!

Margaret Kingsley came in to see her husband. "He's going to live," Dr. Soveac told her. "He and I made medical history tonight."

Two men from the FBI arrived. They took fingerprints from Cannon's body. Dr. Soveac told them that Cannon died of head injuries.

"Don't feel bad," one FBI man said. "Red was public enemy number one. He was on a one-way ride to the electric chair."

The other FBI man spoke up. "Did Cannon say anything about money before he died?"

"No, he didn't say a word," Dr. Sovac said.

The time went by slowly. Professor Kingsley would soon be well enough to leave the hospital. Dr. Sovac came to see him every day.

"Sometimes I have strange thoughts," Professor Kingsley said. "I remember people and places I've never seen before. But I can't complain. I owe you my life."

Dr. Sovac smiled at his friend. "The operation had to succeed," he said. "I didn't dare fail."

3.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY KNOWS TOO MUCH

Professor Kingsley went home a while later. He regained his strength quickly. But he was behaving strangely. The slightest thing made him angry. He was also nervous and restless.

Dr. Sovac worried about his friend. Was Red Cannon's brain waking up? What effect would it have on the way Kingsley acted? Dr. Sovac could only wait and watch.

A few days later, Dr. Sovac stopped at Kingsley's

house. Margaret Kingsley was upset. "George has taken the train to New York! He just pushed me away when I tried to stop him."

Dr. Sovac was afraid that Kingsley would do something crazy. He flew to New York and met Professor Kingsley's train. Kingsley thought their meeting was an accident.

"If you don't have a hotel room, come with me," Kingsley said. "I'm going to the Midtown Hotel. It's quiet and doesn't cost very much. I like the corner rooms on the top floor."

"You know a lot about New York," Sovac replied. "When was the last time you were here?"

Professor Kingsley looked puzzled. "I've never been here before," he said. "Yet I seem to remember it all — the street names, the buildings, even the smells."

Dr. Sovac didn't want Professor Kingsley to know that the memories might come from Red Cannon's brain. "You've seen it all in the movies," he said quickly.

The two men took a taxi to the Midtown Hotel. Kingsley asked for rooms 305 and 306. The desk clerk looked surprised. Everyone else thought those two rooms were unlucky.

Professor Kingsley led Dr. Sovac directly to the elevator. A bellboy carried their suitcases. When they reached their rooms, Kingsley took 305. Dr. Sovac went into 306 to unpack.

The bellboy stayed with Professor Kingsley. He was hoping for a big tip. "This room has seen a lot of action," he said. "Red Cannon — the gang leader — hid out here for six months! The police, the FBI, and his own gang were all looking for him."

Professor Kingsley didn't say anything. He was looking out the window. Dr. Sovac listened from behind the door between the two rooms.

"Finally, Red ran off," the bellboy went on. "The gang caught up with him and shot him full of holes! They were after the half a million bucks Red had hidden. That night, the hotel manager tore this room apart. He didn't find a dime."

Professor Kingsley didn't seem to be listening to the story.

"I was the only one Red would let into the room," the bellboy said. "I used a special knock to let him know it was I."

Professor Kingsley took a coin out of his pocket. He knocked on the wall — two quick taps, three slow. That was Red's special code! But Kingsley didn't seem to notice what he had done. The bellboy was frightened. He took the coin and left.

A little later, the sound of an ambulance siren reached the room. The siren seemed to grow louder and louder. The pain stabbed into Kingsley's brain! When the siren died away, Kingsley looked different. His face had turned hard and angry. Quietly, he

climbed out on the fire escape and faded into the night.

Dr. Sovac found the room empty a few minutes later. He asked around, but no one had seen Professor Kingsley.

The hours passed slowly. Finally, Dr. Sovac heard Kingsley return. When he looked in, the professor was lying on the bed, fast asleep. Sovac saw that his friend's clothes were dirty.

He reached down to take his pulse. The hand he picked up was covered with dried blood.

4. EVERYONE IS AFTER RED'S MONEY

Dr. Sovac saw the headline as soon as he picked up the newspaper the next day. The big type shouted the news: "MEMBER OF CANNON GANG CLUBBED TO DEATH!" The story said the dead man was Louis Davon.

Professor Kingsley didn't seem interested in the story. As they talked, Dr. Sovac understood what had happened last night. Red Cannon's brain had turned Kingsley into a killer. That explained the



Dr. Sova checks newspaper clippings to find out more about Red Cannon

blood on his friend's hands. Today, however, Kingsley didn't know anything about the murder!

Dr. Sova decided to learn more about Red Cannon. He went to a New York newspaper to check their files. A clerk gave him a thick bundle of clippings. Sova learned about Red's girl friend, Sunny Rogers. Sunny was a dancer in a night club called the Golden Horn. Next, Sova read a story about the missing \$500,000.

A mad light shone in Dr. Sova's eyes. A half million dollars! "Nothing will stand in my way," he promised himself. "I must have that money for my brain research!"

That night, Dr. Sova took the Professor to the Golden Horn night club. He handed the waiter a big tip. "We want a table up close to the dancers," he said. "My friend has weak eyes." That wasn't Sova's real reason. He wanted to see if Kingsley would know Sunny Rogers when he saw her.

Kingsley didn't seem to notice Sunny. He didn't even like the show. "Those girls are too young to be up this late," he said. "They should be home in bed."

The last three members of Red Cannon's gang were also watching Sunny. As usual, Eric Marnay was telling the others what to do. Bill Kane and Frank Miller waited for orders.

Marnay tried to make Kane and Miller forget about Louis Devore's death. "It was probably one of Red's friends who killed Louis," he said. "And who

knows Red's buddies better than Sunny? Katie, you go see her. Find out what she knows."

Sunny looked frightened when Kane walked into her dressing room without knocking. "I didn't have anything to do with Devore's death," she told him. She tried to slip out the door.

Kane stopped her. He held up a gold wrist watch. "Do you like it?" he asked.

Sunny smiled a little. She reached for the watch.

"No," Kane said. He put the watch back into his pocket. "I'll come by your apartment later. Tell me what you know about Red... and his money. If you do, I'll give you the watch."

Sunny shook her head. "Be smart," she said. "If I knew anything about Red's money, would I still be working here?"

Kane only smiled at her. "We'll talk some more later," he told her. Then he left.

Back at the night club, Dr. Sorens was worried. Professor Kingsley didn't remember ever seeing Sunny before. "George, didn't that pretty black-haired dancer remind you of anyone?"

Professor Kingsley looked surprised. "I don't think so," he said. Just then Kane walked by their table. Kingsley stared at Kane for a long moment. That face! He'd seen it somewhere before. But where? His head began to hurt.

Suddenly, Professor Kingsley looked up. His quiet teacher's voice had turned low and rough.

"Now that I think about it, I do know that girl," he said. "Her name's Sunny. We used to have some good times together."

Professor Kingsley finished his drink in one gulp. "Let's get out of here, Doc," he urged. "I've got a date with Sunny. But first, there's something else I have to do!"

5. SUNNY HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

Bill Kane left the Golden Horn when it closed. He walked down the dark street to his car. Kane opened the car door. A hand reached out and grabbed his wrist.

The strong hand pulled Kane into the car. Kane looked to see who was holding him. He saw cruel eyes in a hard, cold face.

"You should have expected me," Professor Kingsley said. "Surely you heard about poor Louis's sudden death."

Kane stared at Professor Kingsley. Those eyes! "Who are you?" he demanded in a shaky voice. All at once, Kane knew the truth. He was looking into the eyes of Red Cannon!

Kane started to scream. Professor Kingsley's arms shot out and gripped the bigger man's throat. Kane fought back, but it was hopeless. Slowly, Kingsley squeezed the life out of him.

Neither man saw Dr. Sovac watching them. Sovac was smiling. He knew he was right: Red Cannon was alive in Kingsley's body!

A little later, the telephone rang in Sunny's apartment. "Kane?" she asked. A voice spoke in a secret code. Sunny gasped. Only Red Cannon knew about that code. Red was alive!

Sunny threw open the door when she heard Red's special knock. Her joy turned to anger when she saw a stranger standing there. "Who are you?" she demanded.

Professor Kingsley pushed her aside. He looked around the room. "Well, this place still looks like home," he said. "But why did you move my favorite chair? Come on, let's have a drink." He pressed a hidden button. A bar slid out of the wall.

Sunny watched him. This sunny little man couldn't be Red Cannon. Yet he knew things only Red could know. And his eyes were looking at her just like Red's used to do.

Professor Kingsley lit a cigarette. He took a few puffs and then broke it in half. With a smile, he held up a gold watch. "I just picked this up," he said. "Here, put it on."



Sunny recognizes the watch that Professor Kingsley wanted to give to her.

Sunny backed away. It was the same watch Kane had shown her.

"Don't worry, Kane had it coming," Professor Kingsley said.

As he came closer, Sunny felt dizzy. It couldn't be Red, she knew that. But she could see Red looking out of the stranger's face! Professor Kingsley put his arms around her. Sunny didn't move.

The next morning, Marnay and Miller came to Sunny's apartment. Marnay saw the empty glasses and the ash trays. "So Kane was hurt after all," he said.

"I had a date with him, but he didn't show up," Sunny said.

"The police found him," Marnay told her. "He was dead. First Devore, and now Kane. That can't be an accident."

"I don't know anything about it," Sunny protested. She remembered that she was wearing Kane's gold watch. She tried to hide it. But Marnay had already seen the watch.

"Kane didn't give this to me," she said. "Someone else did. It was a man I never saw before. He said he was Red Cannon."

"She's right, Red was here!" Miller broke in. "Look at these cigarettes. They're broken just like Red used to do."

Marnay picked up a match cover. "Hey," he said, "It's from the Midtown Hotel. That's the hotel

where Red used to hide out. Come on. We're going to find this guy. If he knows so much, he may know where Red hid his money!"

6.

A SHOOT-OUT IN MARNAY'S ROOM

Professor Kingsley woke up feeling tired the next day. When Dr. Sovec walked in, he was packing to go home to Newcastle.

"Please don't lie to me," Professor Kingsley said to Dr. Sovec. "I sleep, but I don't feel rested. What is the matter with me?"

Dr. Sovec didn't want Professor Kingsley to know the truth. "It's only bad dreams caused by the accident," he said. "Go home if you want to, but not today. Get some more rest." So Kingsley lay down and went to sleep.

Dr. Sovec waited until his friend was breathing deeply. Then he spoke to the sleeping man. "Red Cannon," he called softly. "You came here to kill Marnay and the others. Do you remember?"

Professor Kingsley didn't move. Dr. Sovec opened the sleeping man's eyes. He held up a picture of the gang. "These are the men who want your money, Red. We've got to get it before they do!"

Nothing happened for a few minutes. Then Kingsley's eyes began to open wider. He stared at the picture. The pain in his head came back. He covered his face with his hands.

When he spoke his voice was changed. He was speaking like Red Cannon. "I remember you, Doc," Red said. "You were in the ambulance with me the day I crashed."

Dr. Sovac wanted to shout with joy. The operation had worked. Red Cannon's brain was alive, and he was talking to it! Slowly, Sovac told Red about the operation. "You were smashed up," he said. "I had to give you a new body."

Red didn't believe him. A look in the mirror changed his mind. He touched his new face. "Hey! Nobody will know me like this," he said. "I can do anything! Who am I now?"

"You're a professor named George Kingsley," Dr. Sovac replied.

Red thought that was a great joke. "What a break for Red Cannon!" he laughed. "When I'm in control of this body, I'll be 'Red' Kingsley. Now, get out of my way. I've got some business to take care of."

Murray and Miller reached the hotel just as 'Red' Kingsley stepped out of the elevator. Murray looked around for Red Cannon.

'Red' tapped him on the arm. "May I help you?" he asked.

"No, old man, we're looking for someone else."

Murray said. He and Miller were still looking for Red Cannon. Murray decided to wait at the hotel for a while.

'Red' Kingsley went to Murray's apartment. He planned to kill Murray when he came back from the hotel. After he broke into the room, he found Murray's gun in its old hiding place.

Just then, two detectives knocked on the door. They were checking up on Murray.

'Red' Kingsley let them in. He felt safe in his new body. "I'm Professor Kingsley," he said. "I'm here to talk to Murray."

The detectives knew Kingsley had been in the accident that killed Red Cannon. They thought it was strange to find him in Murray's apartment. "You'd better come down to the police station. The captain will want to see you," one of them said.

'Red' reached for his gun. The first detective was faster. He fired and hit 'Red' in the arm. 'Red' fired back twice. Both detectives fell to the floor.

'Red' climbed out of the window. He escaped by jumping to the next roof. "Dr. Sovac has to fix my arm," 'Red' thought. "If he doesn't, I'll use this gun on him."

7.
**DR. SOVAC
MAKES A PROMISE**

Dr. Sovac found a surprise in his room when he got back to the hotel. Jean Sovac and Margaret Kingsley were waiting for him.

"Dad, Mrs. Kingsley was worried about the Pro-



Jean Sovac and Margaret Kingsley surprise Dr. Sovac at the hotel.

fessor," Jean said. "That's why we came to New York."

Dr. Sovac tried to explain why Professor Kingsley was missing. "You did too much for George when he was ill," he told Margaret. "He got tired of all that care. That's why he ran away. I've been giving him his freedom."

Margaret smiled a little. "Is he getting better?"

"Yes," Dr. Sovac said, "but we must be careful. We're dealing with a man's brain. He can't stand any shocks. Let him stay here until he decides to leave, and please — don't try to see him!"

"If that's best for George, I'll do it," Margaret said.

Just then, the door slammed in Professor Kingsley's room. Margaret forgot her promise. She rushed to see her husband. Dr. Sovac pulled her back. He couldn't let her see "Red" Kingsley! With Jean's help, Sovac talked Margaret into going back to her own room.

Later, Dr. Sovac cleaned the wound in "Red" Kingsley's arm. "This came from a bullet," he said. "How did it happen?"

"I had a little shooting match with some detectives," "Red" said. "They lost."

"The police are going to be after you," Dr. Sovac said angrily. "We've got to get that money and get out of New York."

"Red" pulled his gun out. "How do you know



"We'll" demands to know how Dr. Street learned about the robbery

about my half million dollars?" he demanded.

Dr. Sova didn't back down. He knew how to handle 'Red' Kingsley. "Be careful, 'Red.' If you kill me, you'll be killing yourself, too. Think back. Try to remember what happened after you killed Devere. You can't remember, can you?"

'Red' dropped the gun. He started to sweat. "You're right. I can't remember," he said. "Everything is a big blank!"

"Without me, you're lost," Dr. Sova said. "There's only one way out of this. You've got to pick up that money tonight!" 'Red's' tough face sagged in defeat. Sova knew the money was almost his!

Jean walked in just as Dr. Sova was putting a bandage on 'Red's' arm. "Find out how much she knows," 'Red' ordered. He hid his face as he left the room.

Jean looked upset. "Dad, Professor Kingsley didn't even know me!" she said. "And he was hurt. What's going on?"

Dr. Sova decided to tell her the truth. "Remember the operation that saved the professor's life? I had to give him part of Red Carson's brain. And Carson's brain is still alive! It will lead me to half a million dollars. With that money, I can set up the best laboratory in the world."

Jean didn't know what to say. She had never heard her father talk like this before.

"Think of it!" Dr. Sova went on. "I can add new

brain cells to people's brains. With their new brain-power, human beings will solve all of the world's problems!"

"But you're hurting your best friend," Jean protested.

"Once I get the money, we'll take Professor Kingsley back to Newcastle," Dr. Sova promised. "He'll be all right once he's home."

Jean couldn't bear to look at her father. If she had, she might have seen the madness that danced in his eyes.

8. 'RED' FINDS THE MONEY — AND LOSES IT

'Red' Kingsley was sitting at the bar of the Golden Horn night club. He'd decided to get Dr. Sova out of the deal. So what if his brain didn't remember everything. With \$500,000, he could buy a new brain!

Sunny came and sat down next to him. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Someone might see you."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," 'Red' told her. "You just go home and pack. We'll head for Brazil as soon as I pick up the money. But first, give me your car

keys. I have to take a little drive."

Sunny gave him the keys and hurried back to her dressing room. Marnay and Miller were waiting. "He's going to get the money," she told them.

"I knew he would!" Marnay said with a big grin. "And as soon as he puts his hands on it, we'll take it away from him. What do you say to splitting it three ways?"

Sunny nodded. She led Marnay and Miller to a spot near the bar. "That's him, the old guy who's just standing up," she said.

"Well, what do you know?" Marnay said. He couldn't believe his eyes. It was the man they'd seen at the hotel.

Marnay and Miller followed 'Red' Kingsley when he drove off in Sunny's car. They didn't know who the man was — but they knew he couldn't be Red Cannon. Over and over, they told themselves that Red was dead.

'Red' drove to the lake that held the city's water supply. He parked near the dam at one end. Marnay and Miller hid in the bushes and watched him. 'Red' walked to the lake. He climbed down a steel ladder that was bolted to the side of the dam.

Marnay and Miller quietly followed him, guns ready. They peered over the edge of the dam. Far below, 'Red' was reaching into a hole in the concrete. He pulled a steel box out of its hiding place.

When 'Red' climbed up the ladder, Marnay and

Miller were waiting for him. "We'll take that box!" Marnay shouted.

'Red' thought quickly. He held the box out over the lake. "Come closer and I'll drop it into two hundred feet of water," he warned.

"It's only the money we want," Marnay said. "Hand it over, and we'll give you a break."

'Red' pretended to agree. "Okay. Come and get it."

"Keep him covered," Marnay said to Miller. 'Red' waited until Marnay was close enough to touch the box. Then he grabbed Marnay's wrist and pulled. Marnay tumbled over the edge of the dam and dropped into the water.

Miller fired, but he was nervous. The bullet missed. Before he could fire again, 'Red' threw the metal box. It hit Miller in the face and knocked him down. Miller tried to get up, but 'Red' was on him like an angry wolf.

Behind them, the dripping-wet Marnay climbed slowly up the side of the dam. He saw the money box lying off to one side. Miller needed his help — but the money was his for the taking! Marnay picked up the box and ran as fast as he could.

Miller didn't see Marnay leave. He was looking up at the gun who was choking him. Somehow, he knew it was Red Cannon! Red was alive, hiding inside this old man. Miller gave up. He knew he was a dead man.



Marnay bursts into Sunny's apartment

9. A \$1,000 TIP

Marnay burst into Sunny's apartment ten minutes later. His face was red with excitement. Sunny looked with surprise at his wet clothes.

"The dough's in this box!" Marnay shouted. "And we only have to split it two ways." He went into the kitchen. "Get me a screwdriver so I can open this baby," he ordered.

Marnay broke the lock and threw open the cover. The box was crammed full of thousand dollar bills. With a big smile, Marnay picked up a handful of bills and put them in his pocket. He was reaching for more when he heard a noise.

A key was turning in the front door. "Who's that?" Marnay asked at Sunny. "Get rid of him quick!" He looked for a way to escape. There was no other way out. Quickly, he put the box of money in the oven. Then he hid in the kitchen closet.

Just as the closet door closed, "Red" Kingsley stormed into the kitchen. "Where's Marnay?" he roared.

"I haven't seen him," Sunny lied.

"Red" wasn't listening. He saw the wet spots on the floor. The trail led to the closet. Quietly, he locked

the door. Inside the tiny closet, Marney was having trouble breathing.

"Let me out!" he yelled. "I'll tell you where I had the money." Marney waited, but no one answered. "Okay," he said, his voice full of fear, "it's in the oven."

"Red" just smiled. He pushed the heavy stove against the closet door. "How's that, Marney?" he said. "You'll die in there when the air runs out."

Sunny watched with horror as "Red" turned toward her. She tried to smile at him.

"We could have been happy," "Red" said in a sad voice. "But I can't trust you any more." Sunny backed away as "Red" came closer. She gave one little scream when his hands touched her throat. Then the kitchen was silent.

When "Red" left the apartment, both Sunny and Marney were dead. Outside on the street, "Red"



A small scream came from Sunny as "Red" touched her throat.

stopped a taxi. He earned the steel box with him. "Westley Airport," he told the driver.

The taxi driver liked to talk. "Pardon my pawn," he said. "It's because I can't sleep at home. My kids make too much noise." When his passenger didn't answer, the driver looked in his mirror. The tough face scared him. He stopped talking.

"Red" leaned back in the seat. He opened the box and put a few \$1,000 bills in his pocket. Then he closed his eyes. He slept until they reached the airport.

It was Professor Kingsley who awoke in the taxi. He didn't know where he was, or how he got there. He remembered the name of his hotel. "Take me to the Midtown Hotel," he told the driver.

At the hotel, Professor Kingsley was like a man in a dream. He got out of the taxi without picking up the steel box. The driver handed it to him. Kingsley took the box and gave the driver what he thought was a \$1 bill. He didn't notice that it was a \$1,000 bill! Then he walked away.

In his hotel room, Professor Kingsley told Dr. Sova what had happened. "I found myself in a taxi. I don't know how I got there," he said.

Dr. Sova gave his friend a sleeping pill. "Everything will be all right tomorrow," he said.

When Professor Kingsley was asleep, Dr. Sova opened the steel box. He hummed a little tune as he counted each \$1,000 bill.

10.
'RED' RETURNS FOR
THE LAST TIME

The next morning was warm and sunny. Dr. Sova led Professor Kingsley out of the hotel. He paid his suitcase, which was packed with \$1,000 bills. Jan and Margaret had left earlier.

A detective stopped Professor Kingsley in front of the hotel. "The Chief of Police wants to talk to you," the detective said.

Professor Kingsley felt confused. What could the police want? He asked Dr. Sova to come with him. Sova looked nervous, Kingsley thought, as they got into the police car. Maybe his suitcase was full of towels stolen from the hotel? The thought made Kingsley laugh.

Chief Harrison met Professor Kingsley and Dr. Sova in his office. When they were seated, he took a report from his desk. A \$1,000 bill was taped to it. "My men picked up a taxi driver this morning. We think he stole this bill." The chief stared at Kingsley. "The driver says a man who looks like you gave it to him, Professor."

"A thousand dollar bill?" Professor Kingsley gasped. "I've never seen one before. Teachers don't make that kind of money."



Professor Kingsley is amazed to think that he gave a \$1,000 bill.



The taxi driver looks at Professor Kingsley and says he is the wrong man.

A detective brought in the taxi driver. "Was this the man who gave you the bill?" the Chief asked him. "Does he look like a killer?" the driver laughed.

"This is a nice old man. The guy I drove around was really mean."

Chief Harrison sent the driver back to his jail cell.

"Okay, Professor, you can go. Sorry to bother you."

Dr. Sova didn't relax until they reached Newcastle. He left Professor Kingsley with Margaret, and then hurried home. Along the way, he prayed that "Red" Kingsley was gone forever.

The weeks went by. Professor Kingsley seemed to be his old self again. He went back to teaching. For his part, Dr. Sova started building his lab. "The brain research I do here will make up for 'Red' Kingsley's crimes," he told himself.

One day, Professor Kingsley was finishing a class. Suddenly, the sound of an ambulance siren filled the room. Kingsley put his head in his hands. The siren seemed to go on and on, louder and louder.

The students tried to help him. Professor Kingsley pushed them away. His face became hard and brutal. The students drew back. No one tried to stop "Red" Kingsley when he left the classroom.

"Red" went directly to Dr. Sova's house. He found Jean Sova in the living room. "Where is my money?" he demanded. "You and your father stole it from me." "Red" caught Jean by the throat and began to choke her.

Dr. Sova heard Jean's screams. He grabbed a gun and ran to the living room. "'Red!' Let her go!" he called. Nothing happened. The strong hands squeezed harder.

Dr. Sova raised the gun and fired three times. "Red" let go of Jean and dropped to the floor. Jean



"Red! Let her go!"

helped her father turn the dying man over. It was Professor Kingsley who stared up at them.

"Why did you shoot me?" Professor Kingsley whispered. His eyes were full of pain and sorrow. Then he died.

* * * *

Riley glanced up as the lights dimmed. He tried not to look at the man in the electric chair. Was Dr. Sova a murderer or a great scientist? The reporter read the last page again. "Only the future can judge me," Sova had written.

The death room was strangely silent. Riley watched as a doctor checked Dr. Sova's heart. "This man is dead," the doctor said. Riley remembered Sova's dark, mad eyes. "I'll write your story for you, Doc," he whispered.

BLACK FRIDAY

A doctor transplants the brain of a gangster into the dying body of his friend, a professor. The professor then starts doing cruel things. In the end, the doctor is forced to kill his friend in self defense. The doctor must pay for his crime by being sentenced to death.

MOVIE MONSTERS

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